Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings:
Edwards vnhappy sonnes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the ghost of Queene Anne his wife.

Richard, Thy wife that wretched *Anne* thy wife.
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke one me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, despaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou aquiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happy victory,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt the tyrany,
O in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire, dispairing yeeld thy breath,
To *Rich.* I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismaid,
God and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fals in height of all his pride.

K. Richard starting out of a dreame.

K Rich. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercy Iesu: soft I did but dreame.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not deade midnight:
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What doe I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is I am I,
Is there a murtherer here, No. yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,
Least I reuenge. What? my selfe vpon my selfe;
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good
That my selfe hath done vnto my selfe:

O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my
I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do
My conscience hath a thousand seuer
And euery tongue brings in a seuerall
And euery tale condemnes me for a vi
Periury, in the highest degree,
Murder, sterne murder, in the dyrest d
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each deg
Throng all to the barre, crying all, gui
I shall dispaire, there is no creature lo
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me:
And wherefore should they? since tha
Find in my selfe, no pitty to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that I haue
Came to my tent, and euery one did t
To morrowes vengeance on the head

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat My Lord.
King. Zounds, who is there?
Rat. My Lord tis I: the early villag
Haue thrice done salutation to the mor
Your friends are vp, and buckle on the
King. O *Ratcliffe*, I haue dream'd a fear
What thinkst thou, will our friends p
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O *Ratcliffe* I feare, I feare,
Rat. Nay good my Lord be not affra
King. By the Apostle *Paul*, shadowe
Haue strooke more terrour to the soule
Then can the substance of ten thousan
Armed in proofe, and led by shallow *R*
Tis not yet neere day come goe with
Vnder our tents Ile play the eweise-dr
To heare if any meane to shrinke from

Enter the lords to Richmo

Lords. Good morrow *Richmond.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.52)